

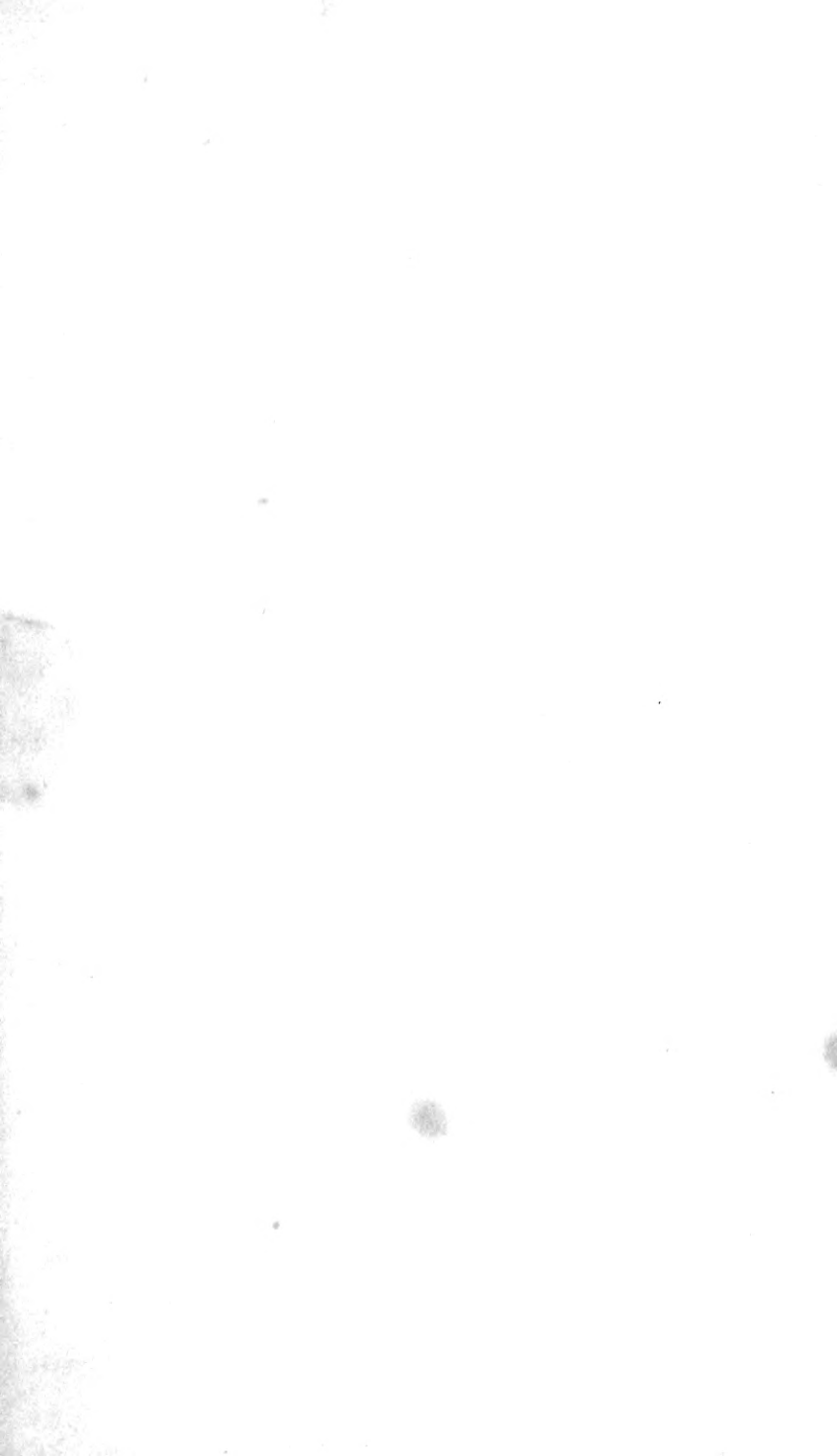
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VERSES

To the Memory of the late

RICHARD REYNOLDS.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]

BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Stinner-street, London.

VERSES

TO THE

Memory

OF THE LATE

RICHARD REYNOLDS,

OF

BRISTOL.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, &c. &c.

Know ye not, that there is a Prince and a Great Man fallen in Israel?

H. SAN. III. 38.

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1816.

TO
THE MEMBERS
OF
Reynolds's Commemoration Society,
AT
BRISTOL,
THESE
V E R S E S
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

Sheffield, October 26, 1846.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Author has nothing to say in favour of the following Verses, except that they are the sincere Tribute of his Affections as well as his Mind, to the Christian Virtues of the Deceased.

RICHARD REYNOLDS was one of the *Society of Friends*, but, as far as human judgment can extend, he was one of those who also *are* Christians, not in word only but in deed. To *his* Memory the Inhabitants of Bristol have already instituted, and may their Posterity perpetuate it, the noblest Monument, perhaps, that Man ever raised in honour of his Fellow Man. This will be sufficiently explained by the following advertisement.

“ At a GENERAL MEETING of the Inhabitants of BRISTOL, held in the Guildhall of

that City, on Wednesday, the 2d October instant,

“ The Right Worshipful the MAYOR in the Chair :

“ It was unanimously Resolved,

“ That in consequence of the severe loss which Society has sustained by the death of the venerable RICHARD REYNOLDS, and in order to perpetuate, as far as may be, the great and important benefits he has conferred upon the City of Bristol and its vicinity, and to excite others to imitate the example of the departed Philanthropist, an Association be formed under the designation of

‘ REYNOLDS’S COMMEMORATION SOCIETY.’

“ That the Members of the Society do consist of Life Subscribers of ten Guineas or upwards, and Annual Subscribers of one Guinea or upwards ; and that the object of this Society be to grant relief to persons in necessitous circumstances, and also occasional assistance to other benevolent Institutions in or near the City, to enable them to continue or increase their usefulness, and that especial regard be had to the SAMARITAN SOCIETY, of which RICHARD REYNOLDS was the Founder.

“ That the Cases to be assisted and relieved be entirely in the discretion of the Committee; but it is recommended to them not to grant any relief or assistance without a careful investigation of the circumstances of each Case: and that, in Imitation of the Example of the Individual whom this Society is designed to commemorate, it be considered as a sacred duty of the Committee, to the latest period of its existence, to be wholly uninfluenced in the distribution of its funds, by any considerations of sect or party.”

The Third Piece in the ensuing Series, entitled, “ *A Good Man's Monument*,” was intended for a figurative representation of this sublime and universal Charity. The resemblance ought to have been sufficiently obvious, without being pointed out here.

At the Public Meeting, mentioned in the foregoing advertisement, many eloquent Panegyrics were pronounced on the Character of RICHARD REYNOLDS. *Here* let his own Words and Deeds speak for him, in a few cases, which were made public on that occasion.

Mr. BUTTERWORTH, of *London*, said :
 “ When the first subscription was opened to

relieve the distress in Germany, I took some part in that Institution. Being in Bristol soon afterwards, I had some conversation with Mr. REYNOLDS on the subject. He made many judicious observations and inquiries as to the nature of the distress, and the best mode of distribution, which served as valuable hints to the Committee in London. He then modestly subscribed a moderate sum with his name; but shortly after, the Committee received a blank letter, having the post mark of Bristol, and enclosing a Bank of England bill for Five Hundred Pounds."

Dr. POLE gave the following account:—
 "It is well known, that he made it his constant practice from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of in subscriptions and donations for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. At one particular time, (if I am rightly informed,) he wrote to a friend in London, ac-

quainting him that he had not, that year, spent the whole of his income, requesting that if he knew of any particular cases claiming charitable relief, he would be glad to be informed. His friend communicated to him the distressing situation of a considerable number of persons confined in a certain prison for small debts. What did this humane and generous Philanthropist do on this representation? He cleared the whole of their debts. He swept this direful mansion of all its miserable tenants. He opened the prison doors, proclaimed deliverance to the captives, and let the oppressed go free."

Dr. STOCK said, that he had heard from what he considered good authority, the particulars of an act of princely liberality, mentioned by a gentleman before him.

"Mr. Reynolds, at the period alluded to, (1795,) resided at Coalbrook Dale.—He addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind, by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with

his request, and drew, in a very short time, to the extent of Eleven Thousand Pounds. It appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality : for in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating, that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full. In consequence of which they drew for Nine Thousand Pounds more !”

MR. STEPHEN PRUST told this characteristic anecdote : “ MR. REYNOLDS having applied to a Gentleman whom he thought rich, but who was really only in circumstances of mediocrity, to stimulate him to give, made use of the following argument : ‘ When gold *encircles* the heart it *contracts* it to such a degree, that *no good* can issue from it ; but when the pure gold of Faith and Love gets *into* the heart it expands it, so that the last drop of life blood will flow into any channel of benevolence.’ ”

The following pleasing circumstance comes from the same authority. “ A Lady applied to him on behalf of an Orphan. After he had given liberally, she said, ‘ When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his

Benefactor.’—‘Stop, (said the Good Man,) thou art mistaken—we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain.’”

THE REV. WILLIAM THORPE, in the course of a most impressive speech, related a circumstance which strikingly exemplifies the humility of this excellent man:

“So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a Friend who applied to him with a case of distress, ‘My talent is the meanest of all talents,—a little sordid dust ; but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable ; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great LORD of ALL.’”

A simple but noble Monument, from the Association of Illustrious Names, was erected to the Honour of RICHARD REYNOLDS, during his life-time, by one of his most favoured Friends, who entered into rest long before him.

On hearing of Lord Nelson's Victory at Trafalgar, the late worthy Mr. JOHN BIRTILL, of *Bristol*, placed a marble Tablet, in a private Chapel, in his dwelling house, bearing this Inscription :

JOHN HOWARD.

JONAS HANWAY.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, M. D.

RICHARD REYNOLDS.

"Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto Thy Name, be the glory."

Beneath some ample hallow'd dome,
The Warrior's bones are laid,
And blazon'd on the stately tomb
His martial deeds display'd.

Beneath an humbler roof we place
This monumental stone,
To names the poor shall ever bless,
And Charity shall own :

To soften human woe their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer :
Their work on earth, not to destroy ;
And their reward—their Master's joy.

Finally, "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace," as the annexed authentic document will testify.

“ Sept. 14, 1816.—*MEMORANDUM* respecting the
late *RICHARD REYNOLDS*.

“ In the spring of this year, his anxious friends thought they saw in his countenance indications of declining health; he was indeed, about this time, frequently complaining of weakness and loss of appetite. In May he was very unwell from a cold; but had nearly recovered it, when a bilious attack reduced him considerably, and did not permanently yield to medical skill. Seeing this, he was urged to try the waters at Cheltenham; to which he submitted, evidently to satisfy his friends; for his mind was fixed on the probability, that the complaint would terminate his earthly pilgrimage, and with this view he frequently expressed himself quite satisfied, having brought his mind to a dependance only on the Mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He went to Cheltenham the 7th August: and continued, with but little variation as to his disorder, till Friday the 6th September—(walking and riding out every day, and even driving the carriage himself, accompanied by his daughter or cousin only), on which day he walked out before breakfast; but soon after became much weaker; and towards evening declined rapidly. On Sunday, however, he revived so much as to give hope that it would be possible to remove him to Bristol the next day,—the prospect of which had before appeared to be agreeable to him. But these hopes were disappointed; he sunk again in the course of that night never to revive. For many years, he had not been confined to his bed a whole day; and during this illness, he got up and sat at table with the family at all their meals, till Monday, his last

day, when he was induced by his friends to lie in bed till the afternoon; then he arose, drank tea with them in another room, and went to bed at his usual time. At five o'clock next morning, an alteration for the worse appearing in his breathing, some of his relatives, who had retired for a while, were called to him; but none of them thought his end so near. He had before desired that his daughter would be with him at his close; and now about six o'clock, raising himself a little, he signified that she should go to the other side of the bed; when, turning on his side, and taking her hand in his, and pressing it, he quietly, and almost imperceptibly, expired!—A silence, which can hardly be described, pervaded the room; no one quitting the awful scene for more than an hour. This was the 10th of September, 1816. *‘Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great Man fallen this day in Israel?’*

“A few days previously to this event, after something consolatory had been ministered by an endeared female Friend, he said, ‘My Faith and Hope are, as they have long been, on the Mercy of GOD, through JESUS CHRIST, who was the propitiation for my sins, and not for mine only, but for the sins of the whole world.’

“During his illness, he was exceedingly placid, and kind to every body; his countenance and conduct indicating that all within was peace. No alarm, no regret, at leaving a world in which no one perhaps had more of its real blessings to relinquish—the love, the veneration, of all around him; but on the contrary, a willingness to yield up his Spirit to Him who gave it, and had sanctified it by the blood of the Redeemer.”

I.

The Death of the Righteous.



THIS place is holy ground ;
World, with thy cares, away !
Silence and darkness reign around,
But, lo ! the break of day :
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears ?

'Tis not the morning-light,
That wakes the lark to sing ;
'Tis not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing :
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
 Met for a moment here;
 From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
 Rested on either sphere,
 Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
 By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,
 Midst flaming hosts above;
 Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
 Nigh to the throne of love,
 And meekly took the lowest seat,
 Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
 Entranced our spirits fell,
 And saw—yet wist not what they saw;
 And heard—no tongue can tell
 What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
 What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
 On wings of mounting fire,
 Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
 But soon her pinions tire;
 It is not given to mortal man
 Eternal mysteries to scan.

—Behold the bed of death ;
 'This pale and lovely clay ;
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
 No ;—life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
 Rivers should swell our eyes ;
 Could sighs recal the spirit fled,
 We would not quench our sighs,
 Till love returned this alter'd mien,
 And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead ;—and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss ;
 Bury the dead ;—in Christ *they* sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross,
 And from the grave their dust shall rise,
 In his own image to the skies.

II.

The Memory of the Just.

STRIKE a louder, loftier, lyre ;
 Bolder, sweeter strains employ ;
 Wake, Remembrance !—and inspire
 Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was He, for whom our tears
 Flow'd, and will not cease to flow :
 —Full of honours and of years,
 In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,
 Springs aloft his mighty name ;
 For the memory of the Just
 Lives in everlasting fame.

He was One, whose open face
 Did his inmost heart reveal ;
 One, who wore with meekest grace,
 On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks express'd,
 Charity was every word ;
 Him the eye beheld, and bless'd ;
 And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
 Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
 He could blend the awe of age
 With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the Lord,
 On the height of Lebanon,
 Shade and shelter doth afford,
 From the tempest and the sun :—

While in green luxuriant prime,
 Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
 From its locks it shakes sublime,
 O'er the hills, the morning dews.

Thus he flourish'd, tall and strong,
 Glorious in perennial health ;
 Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
 All his plenitude of wealth.

Wealth, which prodigals had deem'd
 Worth the soul's uncounted cost ;
 Wealth, which misers had esteem'd
 Cheap, though heaven itself were lost.

This, with free unsparing hand,
 To the poorest child of need,
 This he threw around the land,
 Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest day,
 Every grain on every ground,
 Stony, thorny, by the way,
 Shall an hundred fold be found.

Yet, like noon's refulgent blaze,
 Though he shone from east to west,
 Far withdrawn from public gaze,
 Secret goodness pleased him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,
 Through the purple evening gleams,
 Or, unrisen, clothes the night,
 In the morning's golden beams :

Thus beneath the horizon dim,
 He would hide his radiant head,
 And on eyes that saw not him,
 Light and consolation shed.

Oft his silent spirit went,
 Like an angel from the throne,
 On benign commissions bent,
 In the fear of God alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
 As she turn'd her wheel, for joy ;
 Then the bliss of hope would spring
 On the outcast orphan boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
 To the ignorant and vile,
 Stranger, captive, slave, he came
 With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,
 Gold, instruction, raiment, food ;
 Like the gifts of Providence,
 To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
 Shall eternity record,
 Which he durst not call his own,
 For he did them to the Lord.

As the Earth puts forth her flowers,
 Heaven-ward breathing from below ;
 As the clouds descend in showers,
 When the southern breezes blow.

Thus his renovated mind,
 Warm with pure celestial love,
Shed its influence on mankind,
 While its hopes aspired above.

Full of faith at length he died,
 And victorious in the race,
Won the crown for which he vied,
 —Not of merit, but of grace.



III.

A Good Man's Monument.

THE pyre, that burns the aged Bramin's bones,
 Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
 When the whole Haram with the husband dies,
 And demons dance around the sacrifice.

In savage realms, when tyrants yield their breath,
 Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord in death;
 Arms, chariots, carcases, a horrid heap,
 Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.

When heroes fall triumphant on the plain;
 For millions conquer'd, and ten thousands slain,
 For cities levell'd, kingdoms drench'd in blood,
 Navies annihilated on the flood;

—The pageantry of public grief requires
 The splendid homage of heroic lyres ;
 And genius moulds impassion'd brass to breathe
 The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
 Calls marble honour from its cavern'd bed,
 And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these ;
 No blood of widows stains his obsequies ;
 But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
 And foundling voices on their father call :
 No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
 To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave ;
 But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
 As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrined ;
 And watching angels waited for the day,
 When Christ should bid them roll the stone away.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
 'Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life ;
 But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
 His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
 And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
 They seem'd with him to enter into rest.
 Hence no vain pomp, his glory to prolong,
 No airy immortality of song ;
 No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
 To make his lineaments for ever known,

Reynolds requires :—his labours, merits, name,
 Demand a monument of surer fame :
 Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
 But shew them *living*, while the world shall last ;
 Not to bewail one Reynolds snatcht from earth,
 But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth ;
 In every age a Reynolds ; born to stand
 A prince among the worthies of the land,
 By Nature's title, written in his face :
 More than a Prince—a sinner saved by grace,
 Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
 To prove himself the minister of all.

BRISTOL ! to thee the eye of Albion turns ;
 At thought of thee thy country's spirit burns ;
 For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
 Are “ British minds and British manners ” found :
 And 'midst the wealth, which Avon's waters pour
 From every clime, on thy commercial shore,
 Thou hast a native mine of worth untold ;
 Thine heart is *not* encased in rigid gold,
 Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress ;
 No—free as Severn's waves, that spring to bless
 Their parent hills, but as they roll expand
 In argent beauty thro' a lovelier land,
 And widening, brightening to the western sun,
 In floods of glory thro' thy channel run ;

Thence, mingling with the boundless tide, are hurl'd
 In Ocean's chariot round the utmost world :
 Thus flow thine heart-streams, warm and unconfined,
 At home, abroad, to woe of every kind.
 Worthy wert thou of Reynolds;—worthy he
 To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
 Reynolds is dead;—thy lap receives his dust
 Until the resurrection of the just :
 Reynolds is dead ; but while thy rivers roll,
 Immortal in thy bosom live his soul !

Go, build his monument;—and let it be
 Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
 Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,
 Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
 On crystal pillars resting from above,
 Its sole supporters—*works of faith and love* ;
 So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
 They cast no shadow : all within be light :
 No walls divide the area, nor enclose ;
 Charter the whole to every wind that blows ;
 Then rage the tempest, flash the lightnings blue,
 And thunders roll,—they pass unharmed through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
 With this, and only this, inscription graced,
 The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,
 “ Glory to God! good-will, and peace on earth.”

There be thy duteous sons a tribe of priests,
 Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
 But with their gifts upon that altar spread ;
 —Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
 Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
 With Reynolds' single eye and hallow'd zeal.

Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair ;
 Folly and vice reclaim'd shall worship there
 The God of *him*—in whose transcendant mind
 Stood *such* a temple, free to all mankind :
Thy God, thrice-honour'd city ! bids thee raise
 That fallen temple, to the end of days :
 Obey his voice ; fulfil thine high intent ;
 —Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument* !



WORKS

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